Ages of Men – I – The Appearance of Such Men

By Shomit Sirohi

House of Dianel	Such Men	Rangers	Travellers	Sheffield and its Parenthood	Varkel
Dukes Favors Elects	Leaders	Heroes	Armed groups	Simple People	Enemy

Forms, Sketches and 19th century poverty all over the world Taverns and Inns.

I. The Manor and the Ranger

In fact then in one old history of

the world, in the Elpeth Age of the century which seems 19th there is in

fact then a older history of Dastarak. It is all then riding the horse and entering in

fact the Norad house. A number of houses and a number of people all collect in a

high music of Bagpipes and bandwidths and in fact traditional musical sets and in fact

then comes the process of in fact their heroic appearances with long hair and short

beards. A whole then transition to winter when it begins snowing and in fact

the cold is then followed by the musical performanc es and a lot of hill dancing and

in fact drinking. “Aye fellow, bring me the man with the beer.” And like that in

a Tavern off the central map there was in fact such festivity. All of this then is a

brimming thousand armed people, Dukes and Barons. All of this then is the army,

and smoking cigarettes and pipes all of them are also with the Sheffield

group of Maname and others who then are on trees and hanging on and a

number of people are dancing and the whole horde is celebrating. Armed battalions

enter from the north and this then is now ten thousand people. The leaders in

anarchism are respected not as chieftans and such old archaisms

but as revolutionary leaders. And this then becomes a long set of councils

and conversations, and house of Daneil and such meetings and there in

fact the Rangers are speaking to loud applause.

II. Old Histories of Enemies

In one old history Dastarak

and in fact Alamaik and even Varkel built their Minas Theran and in fact formed a

large army
of mayars
and so
many types
of number
of forms of
hill people
thousands

and is a whole trained in fact in defending the enemy. And this process

then diversifies into a thousand labourers all of whom develop trenches

and houses and agrarian products and ships and are from even the high

South and travel through the trees in a number of attacks to the Northern

most pier
and
Fortress of
Theran and
this then is
the high
tower. And
here it is all

that is bad or enemy. Here their war has proceeded against the groups of good people

all as in fact a process of attacks. All of this then is a enemy with a number of concentric

houses and agrarian products and a number of businesses and breweries

and even in fact wells and large wells and constructio ns of in fact a army.

III. Rangers in the North Holding a Meeting and Parley

In fact the rangers all make it to the Holding and there meet a few old people and talk

and discuss the whole process. It then becomes shifted back to Daneil and the

Houses and is snowing in the hills and trees. Here in fact the thousands are divided

to just the two armed groups of Rangers and heroes and in fact the Good few of Such

Men and even travellers and Sheffield young. It is just this group

which understands what is called band movements. So that it can be complex. In

a previous night the Rangers are found discussing in a low voice the whole

heroic journey and plan. It is just about the process of divining as they say

their genius.

One skirmish was already had as thousands

from the back of Daneil Houses came in as in fact wonder. It is such a

complex phalanx.

Dances begin in the Southern House of Elena. And

then women drink and talk.

IV. Young People

labouring near the Coast in the Higher hills somewher e- A

Shefflied History

The beginning of Sheffiledsons lies far

back in the Elpeth Days that are now lost and forgotten. Only the Elpeth long

communes still preserve any records of that vanished time, and their

traditions are concerned almost entirely with their own history, in which

Men appear seldom and Sheffields are mentioned in records or are not mentioned

at all. Yet it is clear that they had, in fact, lived quietly for many long years before

other folk became even aware of them. And the world being after all full of strange

creatures beyond count, these little people seemed of very little importance. But in the

days of Barame, and of Manaeme his heir, they suddenly became, by

no wish of their own, both important and renowned, and troubled

the counsels of the Wise and the Great.
Those days, the Third Age of

Elpeth
Ages, are
now long
past, and
the shape of
all lands
has been
changed;

but the regions in which Sheffs then lived were doubtless the same as those in

which they still linger: the North-West of the Old World, east of the Sea. Of their

original home the in Barame’s time preserved no knowledge. A love of

learning (other than genealogical lore) was far from general among them, but

there
remained
still a few in
the older
families
who studied
their own
books, old

pens and writing and small houses and such convolutes of pipes being

smoked and working in a large way in large horse bands and even gathered reports of

old times and distant lands from Such Men and Men. Their own records began only

after the settlement of the Shire, and their most ancient legends hardly

looked further back than their Wandering Days. It is clear, nonetheless

, from these legends, and from the evidence of their peculiar words and

customs, that like many other folk Sheffield as such, a small number of

houses finally had in the distant past moved westward. Their earliest

tales seem to glimpse a time when they dwelt in the upper vales of Anduin, between

the eaves of Greenwood and this then is the geographic history.

“A lot of conversatio ns.”
Manaeme working on fields and agriculture talks to in

fact the others. Samuel then is busy working on his fields. A lot of black people and

white people working together and in fact talking in humour.

V. Ilaan and the small Ranger group in the South

Ilaan then works in a mill and drinks and meets the main Rangers. All of this then

is a long conversatio n, with their long hair being tied and smoking a pipe on the

articulated process of in fact moving to the House of Daneil. And there it snows and

is a cold process. Here in fact everyone is in cold winter and sleeping in bunk beds.

All of this is many winters in Elpeth middle periods now that they

are. And in fact talking and drinking rum and smoking.

VI. Astonishing Sheffiled

There is another astonishing

thing about Sheffs of old that must be mentioned, an astonishing habit: they

imbibed or inhaled, through pipes of clay or wood, the smoke of the burning

leaves of a herb, which they called pipe-weed or leaf, a variety probably of Nicotiana.

A great deal of mystery surrounds the origin of this peculiar custom, or ‘art’ as the

Hobbits preferred to call it. All that could be discovered about it in antiquity

was put together by Meriadoc Brandybuck (later Master of Buckland), and since

he and the tobacco of the Southfarthing play a part in the history that follows, his

remarks in the introduction to his Herblore of the Shire may be quoted.

‘This,’ he says, ‘is the one art that we can certainly claim to be our own invention.

When Hobbits first began to smoke is not known, all the legends and family

histories take it for granted; for ages folk in the Sheffs smoked various herbs, some

fouler, some sweeter. But all accounts agree that Tobold Hornblower of

Longbottom in the Southfarthing first grew the true pipe-weed in his gardens in

the days of Isengrim the Second, about the year 1070 of Shire-reckoning.

VII. Such Men

They now marched on again in silence, and

passed like shadows and faint lights: for Such Men (even more than Sheffields)

could walk when they wished without sound or footfall. Pippin soon began to

feel sleepy, and staggered once or twice; but each time a tall Elf at his side put

out his arm and saved him from a fall. Sam walked along at Manaeme’s side, as if in

a dream, with an expression on his face half of fear and half of astonished joy. The

woods on either side became denser; the trees were now younger and thicker;

and as the lane went lower, running down into a fold of the hills, there were many

deep brakes of hazel on the rising slopes at either hand. At last the leaders turned

aside from the path. A green ride lay almost unseen through the thickets on the right;

and this they followed as it wound away back up the wooded slopes on to

the top of a shoulder of the hills that stood out into the lower land of the river-valley.

Suddenly they came out of the shadow of the trees, and before them lay a wide space

of grass, grey under the night. On three sides the woods pressed upon it; but

eastward
the ground
fell steeply
and the
tops of the
dark trees,
growing at
the bottom

of the slope, were below their feet. Beyond, the low lands lay dim and flat under the stars.

Nearer at hand a few lights twinkled in the village of Woodhall. The

Leaders sat on the grass and spoke together in soft voices; they seemed to take no

further notice of the Sheffs.

Such men in fact were leaders and were then

in House of Daniel and working on their meetings and often talked to the Rangers

and kept singing and arguing in small housing bands and were in fact in one how

the process of working on these projects then is also about divining the Sheffs who

were so progressive a art of talking and reading. In fact something unique

happened in the history of the Leaders as Such Men, they were bathing in

water and long pools and belonged to pristine beaches and were poetic. But

also they spent labour in a beach. They were in such islands and pristine beaches

and houses and working on Cannabis as well. They were smokers and

workers. They also kept in fact working on the pristine beach as in fact swimming

histories. Women were then walking in on the bands in Daneil.

Leaders set off with the Sheffs and Rangers in a small band. After going and coming

back of course. The back and forth of it is then a long debate on the House how to

proceed when so killed they could be.

VIII.Trecking in Hills

He soon found that the thicket was closer and more tangled than it had

appeared. There were no paths in the undergrowth, and they did not get on very

fast. When they had struggled to the bottom of the bank, they found a stream running

down from the hills behind in a deeply dug bed with steep slippery sides

overhung with brambles. Most inconvenien tly it cut across the line they

had chosen. They could not jump over it, nor indeed get across it at all without getting wet,

scratched, and muddy. They halted, wondering what to do. ‘First check!’ said

Pippin, smiling grimly and tying his bag and shoes. Samuel looked

back.
Through an opening in the trees he caught a glimpse of the top of the green

bank from which they had climbed down.

‘Look!’ he said, clutching Manaeme

by the arm. They all looked, and on the edge high above them they saw against the sky a

horse standing. Beside it stooped a black figure. They at once gave up any

idea of
going back.
Manaeme
led the way,
and
plunged
quickly into
the thick

bushes beside the stream. ‘Whew!’ he said to Pippin. ‘We were both right! The

short cut has gone crooked already; but we got under cover only just in time. You’ve

got sharp ears, Samuel: can you hear anything coming?’ They stood still, almost

holding
their breath
as they
listened;
but there
was no
sound of
pursuit. ‘I

don’t fancy he would try bringing his horse down that bank,’ said Samuel. ‘But I guess

he knows we came down it. We had better be going on.’ Going on was not altogether

easy. They had packs to carry, and the bushes and brambles were reluctant to

let them through. They were cut off from the wind by the ridge behind, and the air was

still and stuffy. When they forced their way at last into more open ground, they were

tired and very scratched, and they were also no longer certain of the

direction in which they were going. The banks of the stream sank, as it reached the

levels and became broader and shallower, wandering off towards the Marish

and the River.

IX. Woo! Ilaan Sings As Arturo

goes to Grien and Jorge Luis is then Buying a Pistol

Then in fact in one long history there is then disappearances of Arturo and

Jorge Luis found in Giren and all the history of labour and wars and dynamics

and such few women in their tents. And a lot of such old history of bookish people

settling in Grien and fighting the Varkov by in fact shooting in a pistol fight. And

such in fact dangerous living. And so much in fact on disappearing. And walking in

small woods and losing themselves and fighting alone.

Ilaan is dancing in a

ship with all the women they alight from the ship after touring the seas for sea faring and

coastal trade with the communities and there is a lot of dancing and swerving

and sea faring being done. It is all in fact maritime trade but it also means for them,

Natalia and all to make it to the modern age of Elpeth where the rains fall on their old

Minas.
There is in
Minas a
whole
culture.
Minas
Elpeth and
here in fact

the rain is prophetic and auto-hourses ride and people are busy being modern and

clothed in attire like Queens and Princes and Dukes of course. All of these settlements

has also theatre being played.

Woo, Ilaan sings entering

Minas Elpeth, the foundation of civilization.

X. The Maneovre to in fact Minas Advent

Dusk deepened.

In the pouring rain the Leaders and Rangers with Sheffs and in fact

reading
what Ilaan
and his
letters sent
to them
following
them across
as it were

all the bands then settled in lost and long woods and water falling off a ravine. Mist

lay behind them among the trees below, and brooded on the pale margins of

the Anduin, but the sky was clear. Stars came out. The waxing moon was riding in

the West, and the shadows of the rocks were black. They had come to the feet of

stony hills, and their pace was slower, for the trail was no longer easy to follow.

Here the highlands of the Emyn Muil ran from North to South in two long tumbled

ridges. The western side of each ridge was steep and difficult, but the eastward

slopes were gentler, furrowed with many gullies and narrow ravines. All night the

three companions scrambled in this bony land, climbing to the crest of the first and

tallest ridge, and down again into the darkness of a deep winding valley on

the other side. There in the still cool hour before dawn they rested for a brief space.

The moon had long gone down before them, the stars glittered above them;

the first light of day had not yet come over the dark hills behind. For the moment

Aramaine was at a loss: the Varkov-trail had descended into the valley, but

there it had vanished. ‘Which way would they turn, do you think?’ said Lamine the Leader.

‘Northward to take a straighter road to Isengard, or Fangorn, if that is their aim as you

guess? Or southward to strike the Entwash?’ ‘They will not make for the river,

whatever mark they aim at,’ said Aragorn. ‘And unless there is much amiss in Rohan.

The dale ran like a stony trough between the ridged hills, and a

trickling stream flowed among the boulders at the bottom. A cliff frowned

upon their right; to their left rose grey slopes, dim and shadowy in the late

night. They went on for a mile or more northwards. Aramane was searching,

bent towards the ground, among the folds and gullies leading up into the

western ridge. Leaders were some way ahead. Suddenly the Ellen gave a cry

and the others came running towards him. ‘We have already overtaken

some of those that we are hunting,’ he said. ‘Look!’ He pointed, and they saw that

what they had at first taken to be boulders lying at the foot of the slope were huddled

bodies. Five dead enemy bands lay there. They had been hewn with many cruel strokes, and

two had been beheaded. The ground was wet with their dark blood. ‘Here is

another riddle!’ said Gimli. ‘But it needs the light of day, and for that we cannot wait.’ ‘Yet

however you read it, it seems not unhopeful,’ said Legolas. ‘Enemies of enemies are

likely to be our friends. Do any folk dwell in these hills?’ ‘No,’ said someone. ‘The

Rohirrim seldom come here, and it is far from Minas Tirith. It might be that some

company of Men were hunting here for reasons that we do not know. Yet I think

not.’ ‘What do you think?’ said Manaume and Samuel smoked. ‘I think that the enemy

brought his own enemy with him,’ answered Aramane. ‘These are Northern enemies

from far away.
Among the slain are none of the great enemies with the

strange badges. There was a quarrel, I guess: it is no uncommon thing with

these foul folk. Maybe there was some dispute about the road.’ ‘Or about the

captives,’ said Alenli. ‘Let us hope that they, too, did not meet their end here.’ Aramaine

searched
the ground
in a wide
circle,

Swiftly now
the
pursuers

turned and followed the new path. As if fresh from a night’s rest they sprang from stone

to stone. At last they reached the crest of the grey hill, and a sudden breeze blew

in their hair and stirred their cloaks: the chill wind of dawn. Turning back they

saw across
the River
the far hills
kindled.
Day leaped
into the sky.
The red rim
of the sun

rose over the shoulders of the dark land. Before them in the West the world lay

still,
formless
and grey;
but even as
they looked,
the
shadows of
night

melted, the colours of the waking earth returned: green flowed over the wide

meads of Rohan; the white mists shimmered in the water-vales; and far off to the left,

thirty leagues or more, blue and purple stood the White Mountains, rising into

peaks of jet,
tipped with
glimmering
snows,
flushed with
the rose of
morning.
‘Gondor!

Gondor!’ cried Aragorn. ‘Would that I looked on you again in happier hour! Not

yet does my
road lie
southward
to your
bright
streams.
Gondor!
Gondor,

between the Mountains and the Sea! West Wind blew there; the light upon

the Silver Tree Fell like bright rain in gardens of the Kings of old. O proud

walls!
White
towers! O
winge´d
crown and
throne of
gold! O
High People

High
People!
Shall Men
behold the
Silver Tree,
Or West
Wind blow
again

between the Mountains and the Sea? Now let us go!’ he said, drawing his

eyes away from the South, and looking out west and north to the way that he must tread.

The ridge upon which the companions stood went down steeply

before their feet. Below it twenty fathoms or more, there was a wide and rugged shelf which

ended suddenly in the brink of a sheer cliff: the East Wall of Minas Advent. So

ended the Emyn Muil, and the green plains of the Rohirrim stretched

away before them to the edge of sight.
‘Look!’ cried Leaman, pointing up

into the pale sky above them. ‘There is the eagle again! He is very high. He seems to

be flying
now away,
from this
land back to
the North.
He is going
with great
speed.

Look!’ ‘No, not even my eyes can see him, my good man,’ said Aramaine. ‘He must be

far aloft indeed. I wonder what is his errand, if he is the same bird that I have

seen before. But look! I can see something nearer at hand and more urgent;

there is something moving over the plain!’
‘Many things,’ said Leaders

together. ‘It is a great company on foot; but I cannot say more, nor see what kind of folk

they may be. They are many leagues away: twelve, I guess; but the flatness

of the plain is hard to measure.’ ‘I think, nonetheless, that we no longer need any trail to

tell us
which way
to go,’ said
Samuel.
‘Let us find
a path down
to the fields
as quick as

may be.’ ‘I doubt if you will find a path quicker than the one that the Orcs chose,’

said Aragorn. They followed their enemies now by the clear light

of day. It seemed that the Orcs had pressed on with all possible speed. Every now

and again the pursuers found things that had been dropped or cast away:

food-bags,
the rinds
and crusts
of hard grey
bread, a
torn black
cloak, a
heavy

ironnailed shoe broken on the stones. The trail led them north along the top of the

escarpment, and at length they came to a deep cleft carved in the rock by a stream

that splashed noisily down. In the narrow ravine a rough path descended

like a steep stair into the plain. At the bottom they came with a strange suddenness

on the grass
of Minas
Advent
sooner
nearer.
growth of
cresses and
water-

plants, and they could hear it tinkling away in green tunnels, down long

gentle slopes towards the fens of Entwash Vale far away. ‘Yes,’ he said,

‘they are quite plain: a Sheff’s footprints. Peanor’s, I think. Old disappearances now

seeming closer to Minas Advent as they are known to be there He is smaller

than the others. And look at this!’ He held up a thing that glittered in the

sunlight. It looked like the new-opened leaf of a beech-tree, fair and strange in that

treeless plain. ‘ ‘Not idly do the leaves of Lo ´rien fall,’ said Aramaine and like

that Minas Advent is found. A type of old man in a lot of Lorien clothing smiles

laughs and descends to meet. With a hundred in a band.

Part II –

I. A Short Sketch of the Worst Fear, We are Almost at Minas

Therana of Varkov

And so after many letter post offices and post boxes and

such small housing and taverns we finally arrive in a short voyage to the Minas

Therana and there we see the whole complex armed phalanxes and forms

of the Varkovian enemy.

At this point the novel closes. The first visit

across the hills to Varkove.

I now articulate this to the

heroic process.

Imagine now that the whole journey is in fact about

arcs, sub-arcs and developments to be made on in fact the process of the

Rangers, heroic. As Ilaan from the South is chosen to join. All this means in a science

fiction as it were or fantasy genre that in fact the process of the willing leaders in

such many prison houses also freed so far is then a image of willing heroe to

free the people.

It also means prison houses, post offices

closed and opened, small cafes and such small joints of inns and Taverns drinking

and listening to old music and in fact talking for years in a café and such hills

and hilly motorcyles of Varkove in fact catching the people.

Finally one pistol shot killed a motorcyclis t. It was Aramaine who sent

the message.